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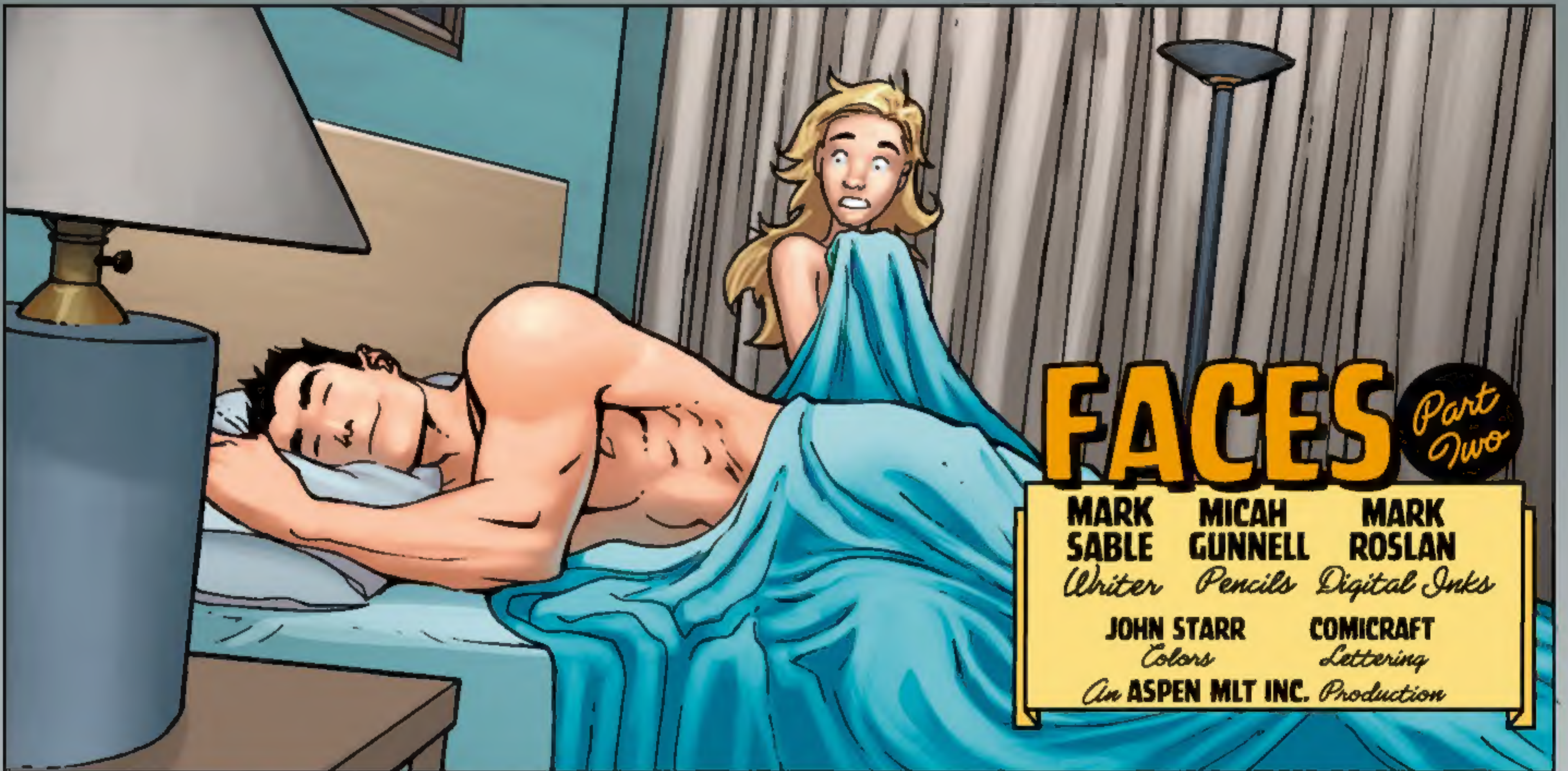
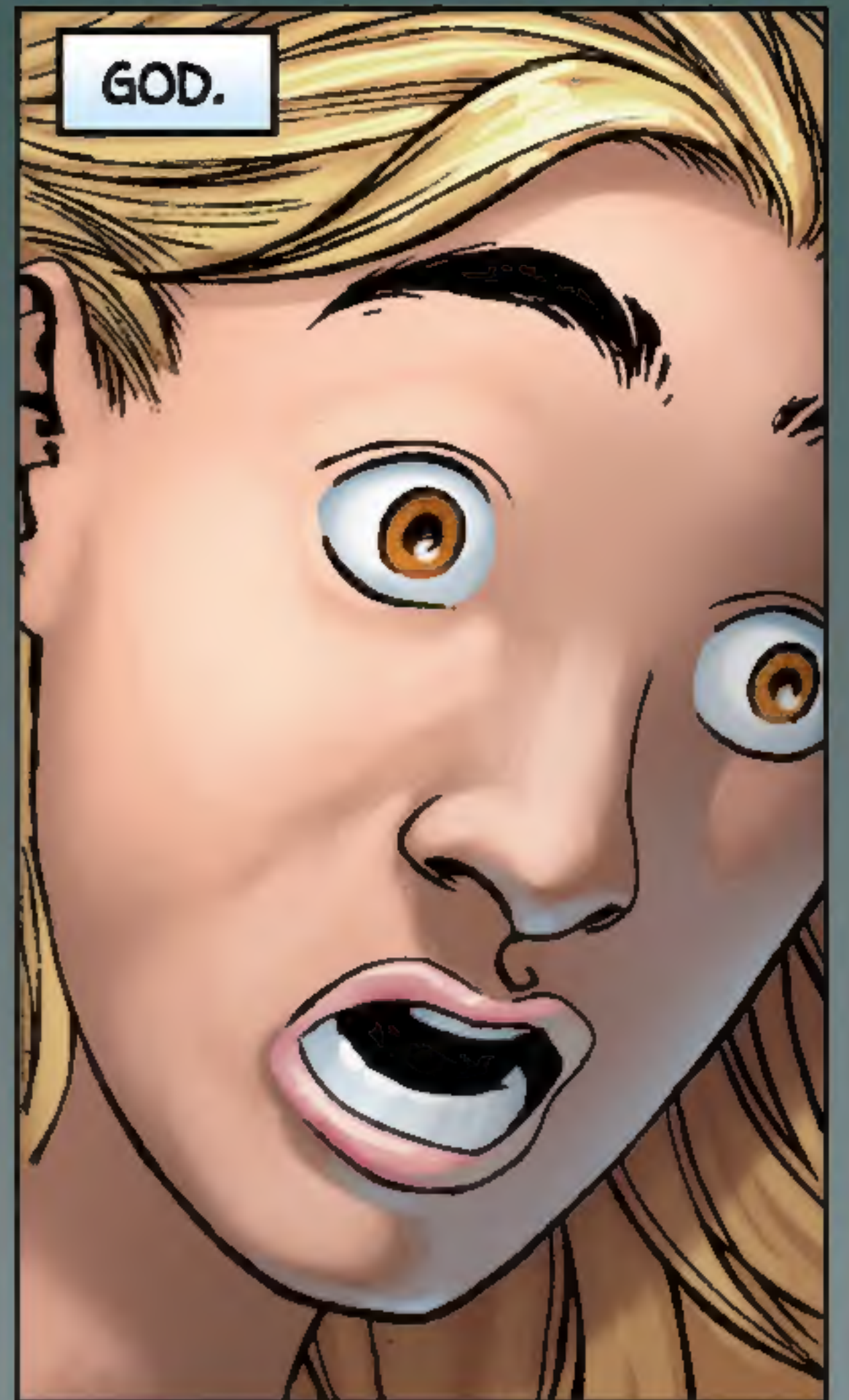
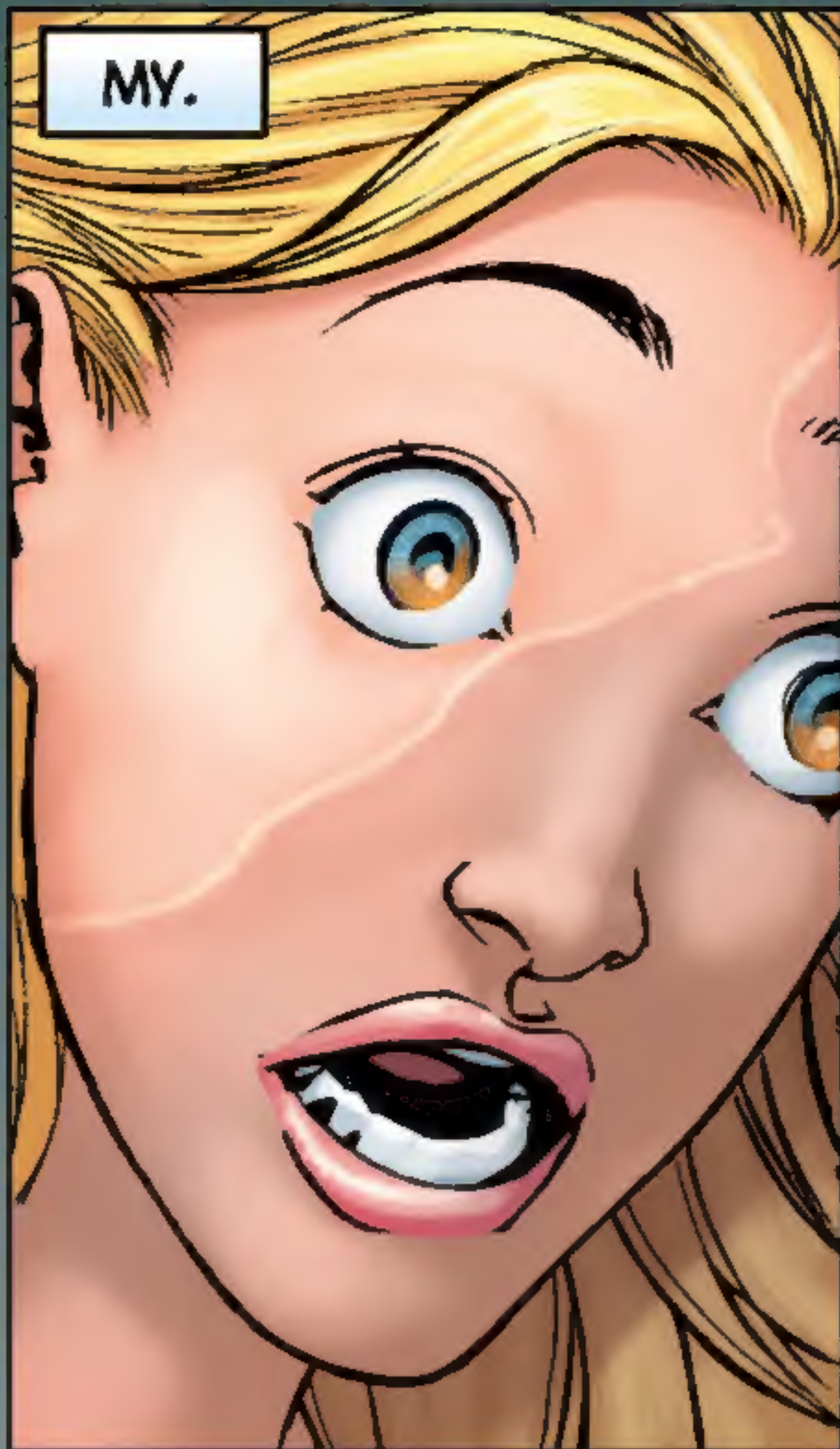
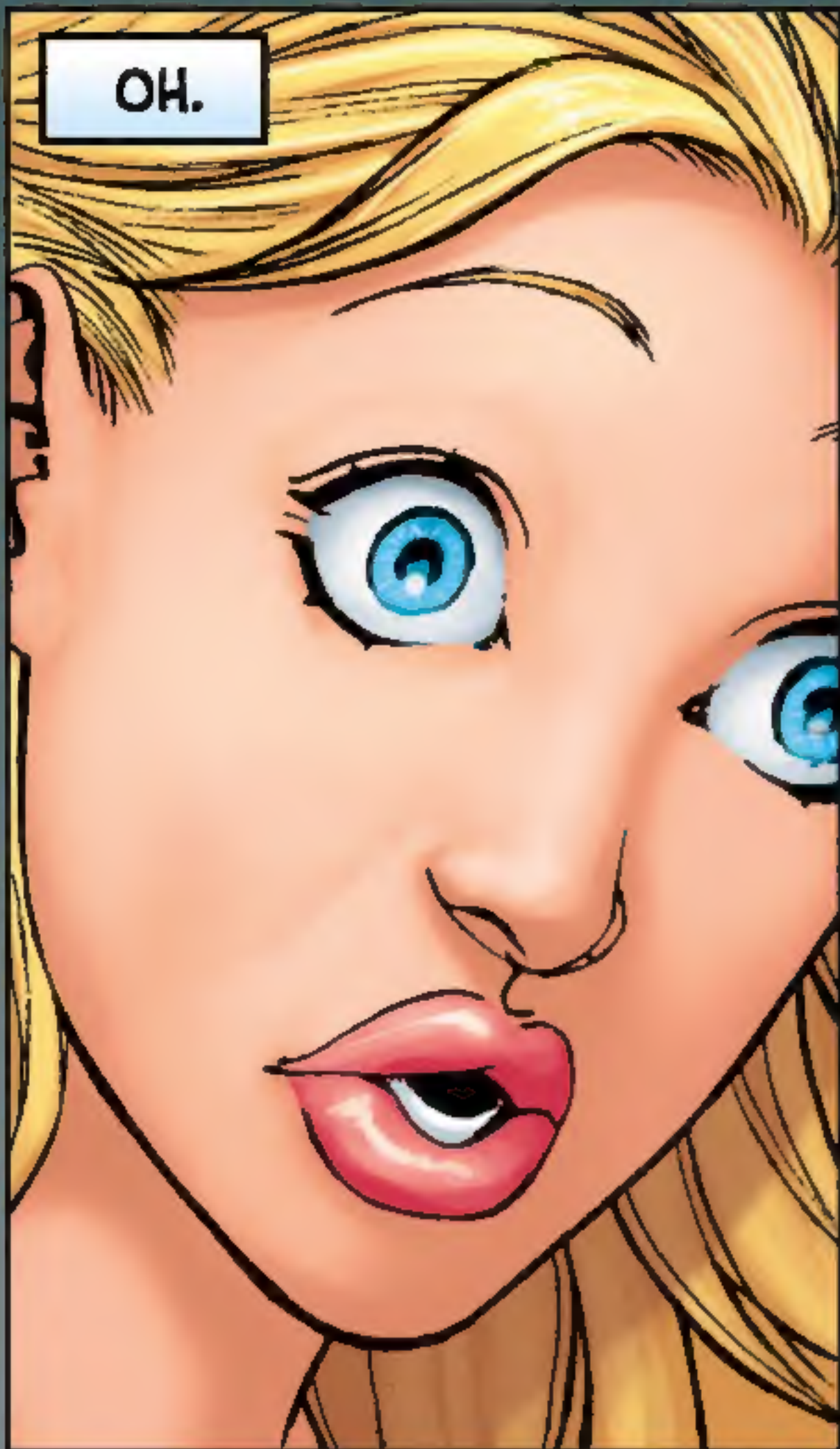
HEROES

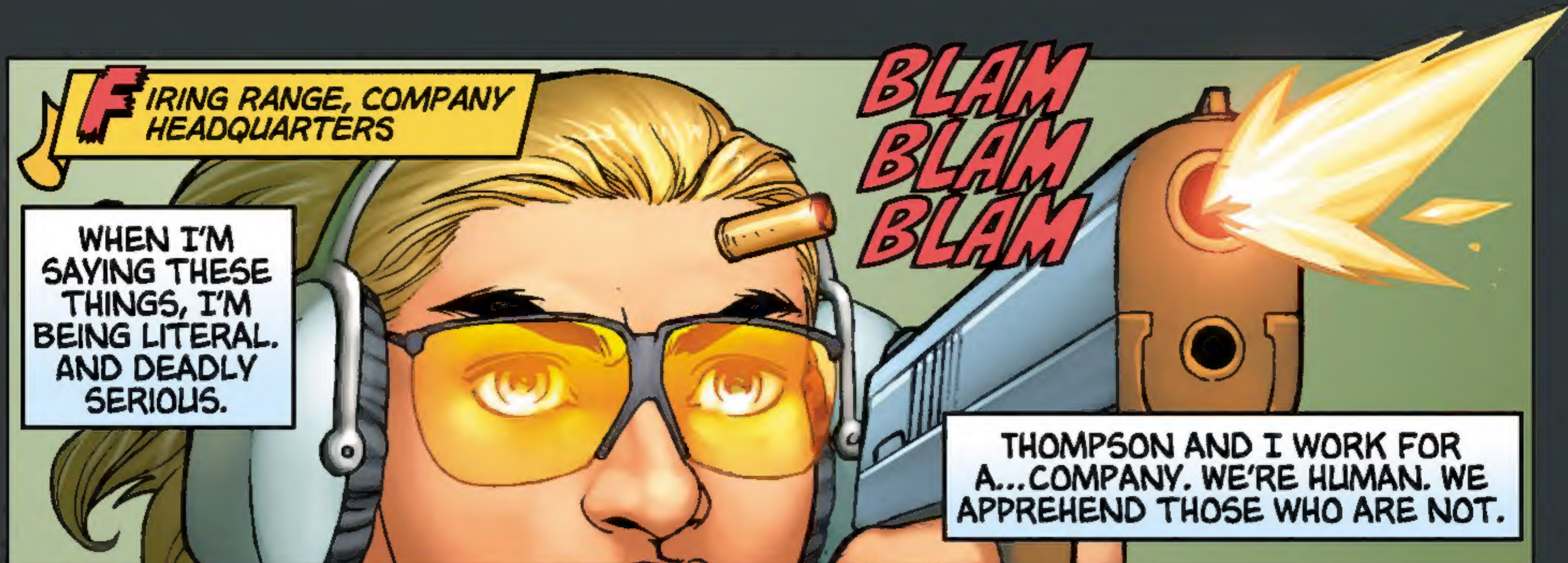
CHAPTER 87

FACES

Part 2 of 2

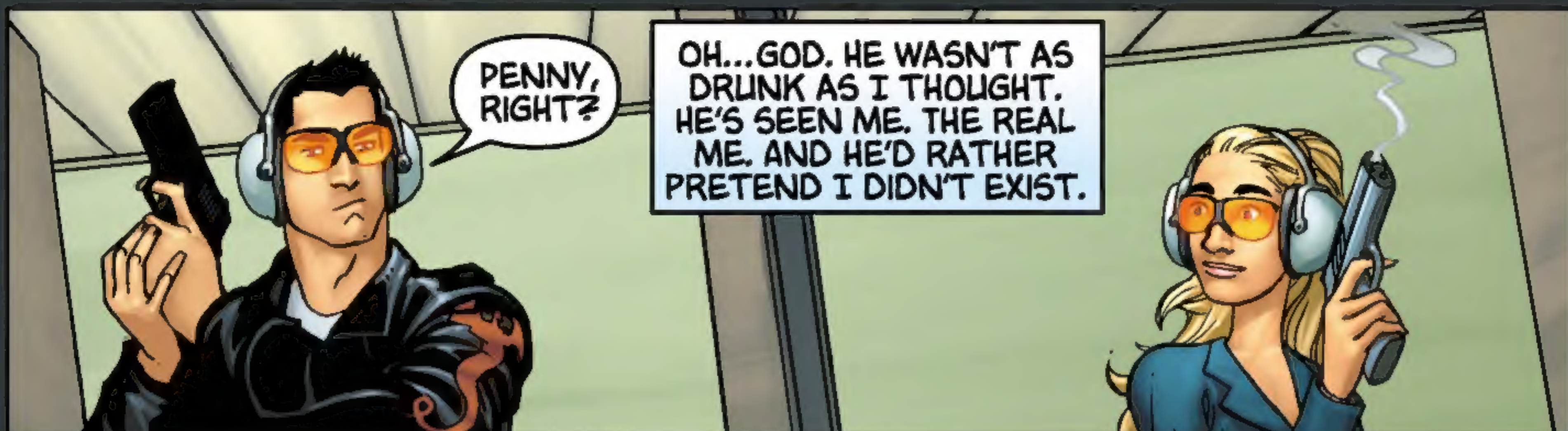
Penny has devoted her life to the Company. The "normal" half of the "one of us, one of them" formula, Penny's partner is her mother, much to Penny's frustration. Connie, her mother, has the amazing ability to alter people's appearances. On her last assignment, Connie transformed Penny's plain jane appearance to that of a stunning beauty. But ever the instigator, Connie refused to change Penny back after the assignment, wanting her to finally experience life as one of the beautiful people...





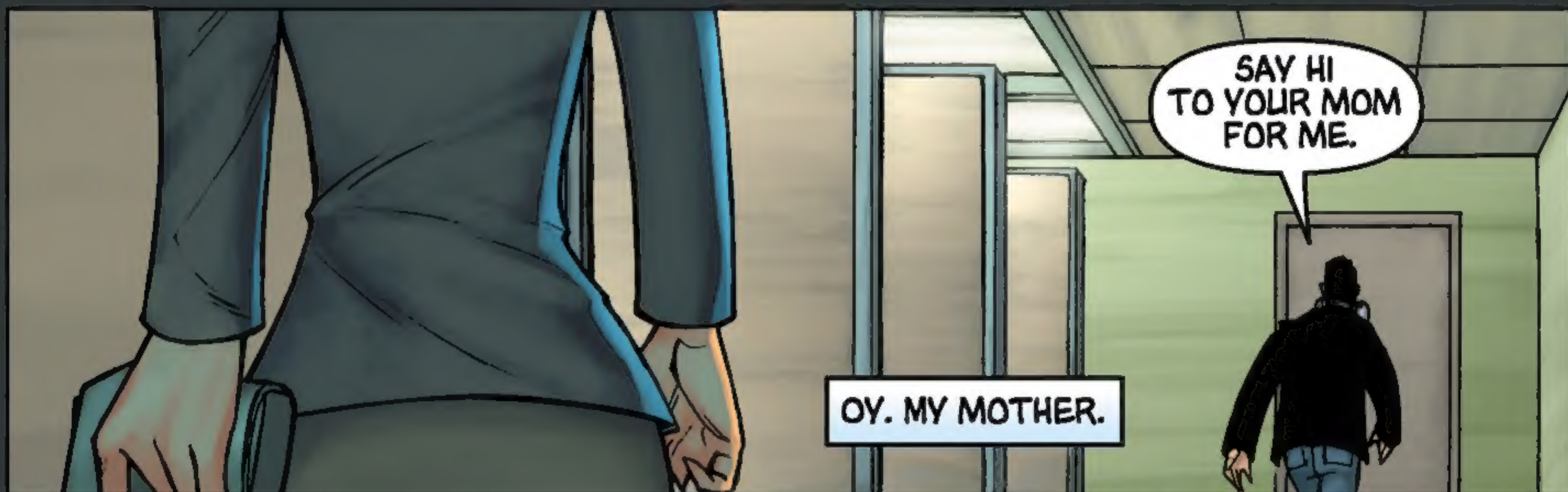
WHEN I'M SAYING THESE THINGS, I'M BEING LITERAL. AND DEADLY SERIOUS.

THOMPSON AND I WORK FOR A...COMPANY. WE'RE HUMAN. WE APPREHEND THOSE WHO ARE NOT.



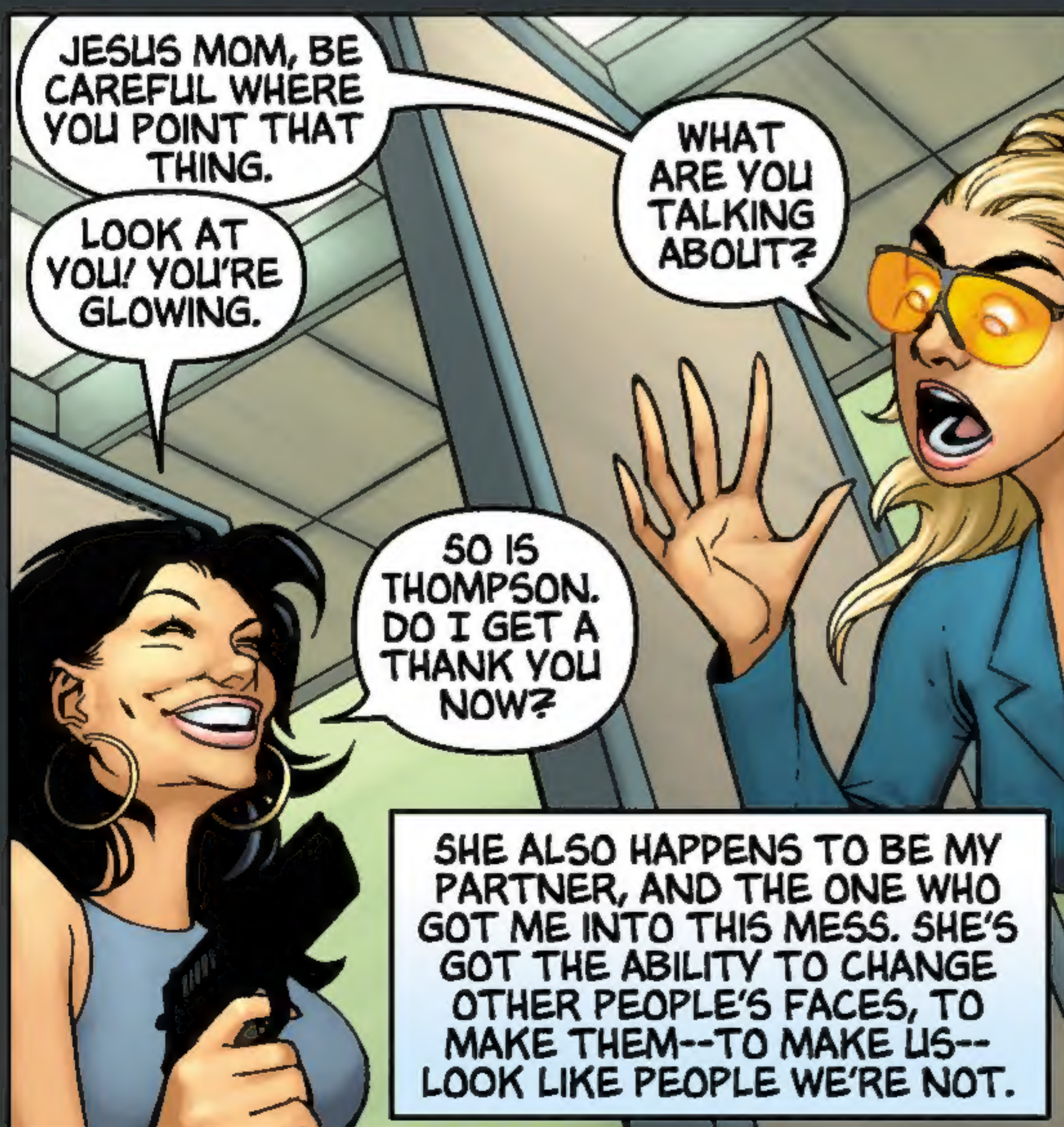
PENNY, RIGHT?

OH...GOD. HE WASN'T AS DRUNK AS I THOUGHT. HE'S SEEN ME. THE REAL ME. AND HE'D RATHER PRETEND I DIDN'T EXIST.



SAY HI TO YOUR MOM FOR ME.

OY. MY MOTHER.



JESUS MOM, BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU POINT THAT THING.

LOOK AT YOU! YOU'RE GLOWING.

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

SO IS THOMPSON. DO I GET A THANK YOU NOW?

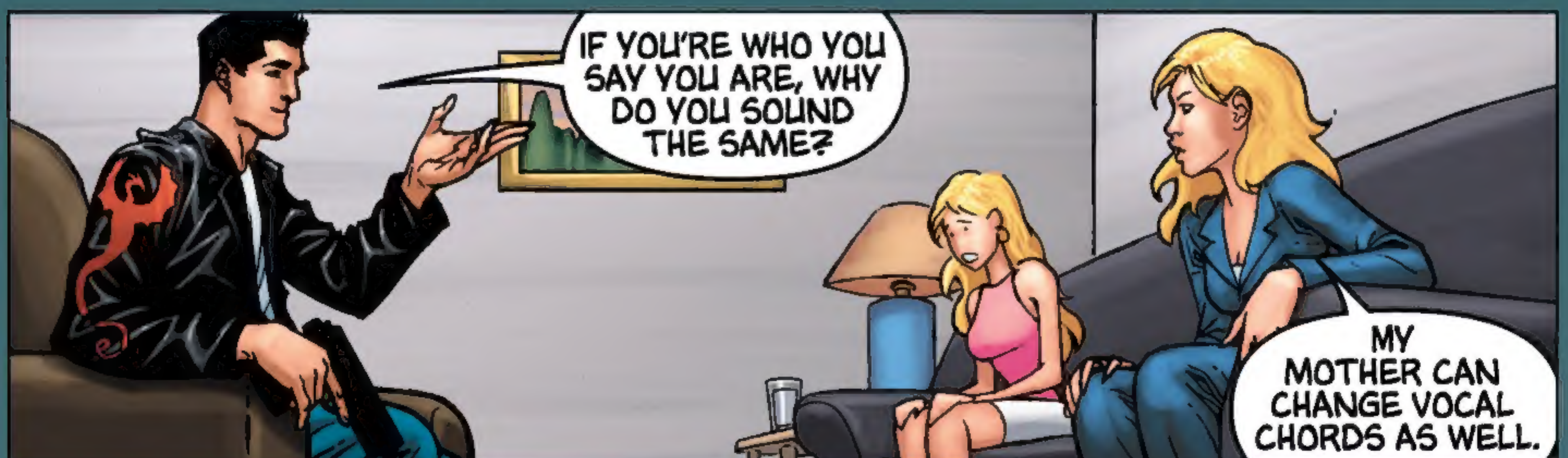
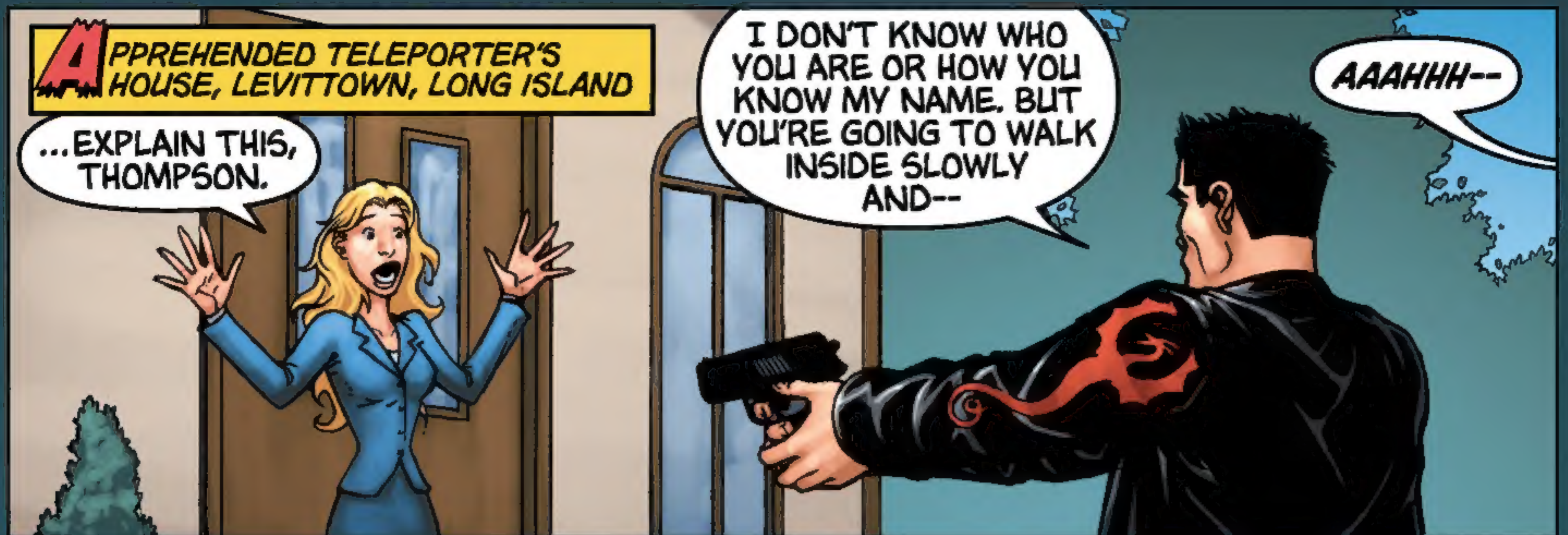
SHE ALSO HAPPENS TO BE MY PARTNER, AND THE ONE WHO GOT ME INTO THIS MESS. SHE'S GOT THE ABILITY TO CHANGE OTHER PEOPLE'S FACES, TO MAKE THEM--TO MAKE US--LOOK LIKE PEOPLE WE'RE NOT.

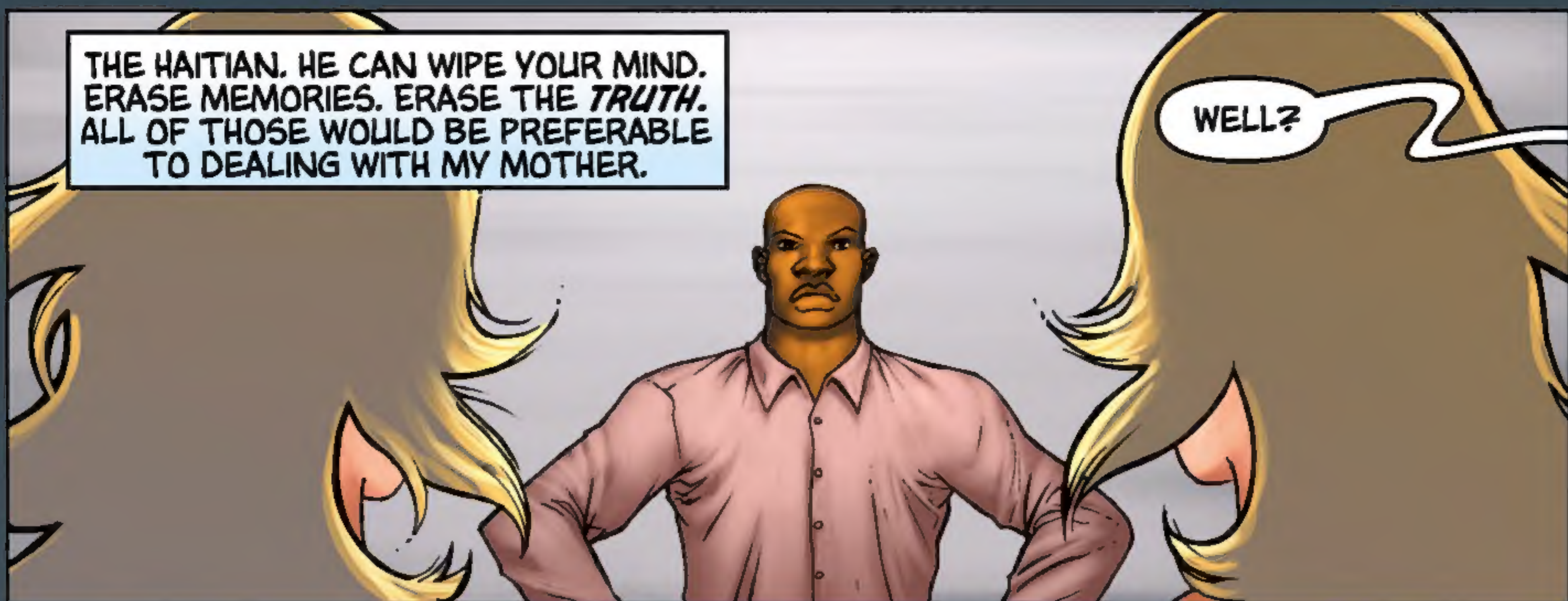


YESTERDAY, SHE CHANGED ME INTO THE SMOKING HOT GIRLFRIEND OF A DANGEROUS TELEPORTER. AS YOU CAN SEE...

IT DIDN'T LAST. BUT YOU KNEW THAT. 24 HOURS IS MY LIMIT RIGHT NOW. NO PROBLEM, I'LL CHANGE YOU BACK.







THE HAITIAN. HE CAN WIPE YOUR MIND. ERASE MEMORIES. ERASE THE *TRUTH*. ALL OF THOSE WOULD BE PREFERABLE TO DEALING WITH MY MOTHER.

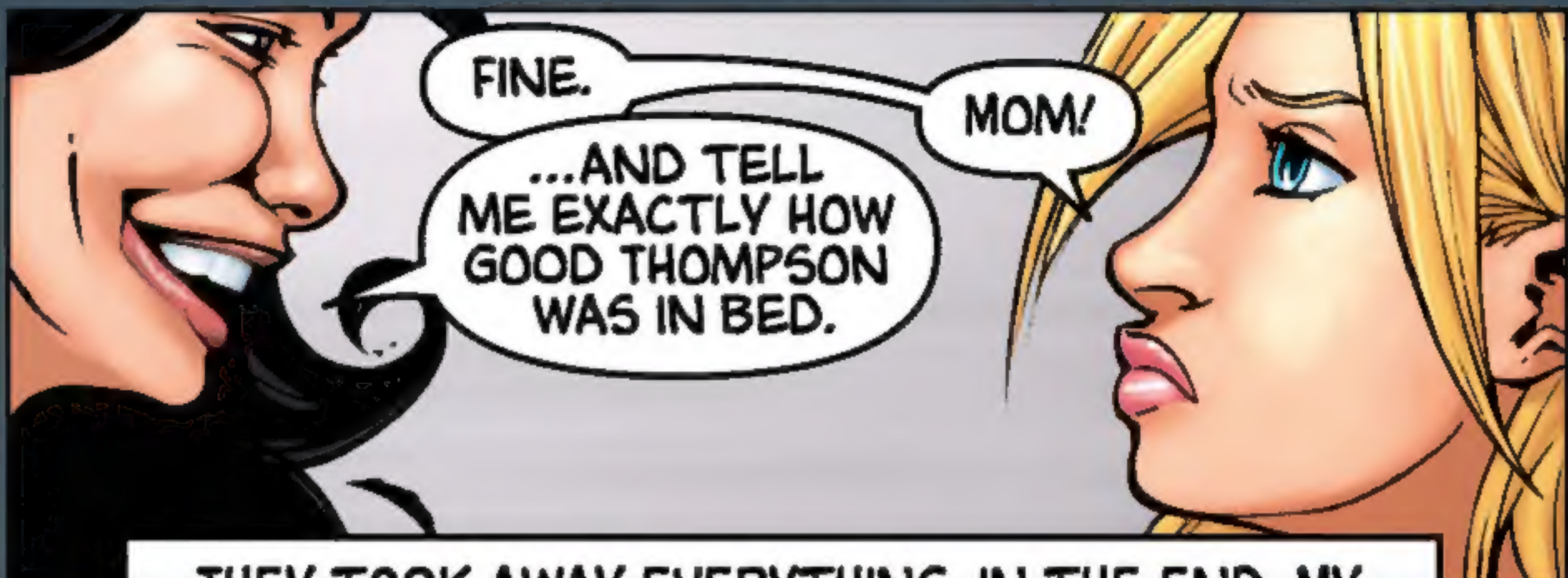
WELL?

NEVER SEEN HER IN MY LIFE. SORRY. I'M NO EXPERT AT THESE THINGS, BUT I'M PRETTY SURE YOU'LL HAVE TO KILL THEM BOTH.

MOM!



ALRIGHT, I'LL CHANGE YOU BACK. AS LONG AS YOU ADMIT THE FOLLOWING: JUST BECAUSE I CAN'T TAKE DOWN A TELEPORTER DOESN'T MEAN MY SKILLS ARE ANY LESS VALUABLE THAN YOURS.



FINE.

MOM!

...AND TELL ME EXACTLY HOW GOOD THOMPSON WAS IN BED.

THEY TOOK AWAY EVERYTHING, IN THE END. MY NEW AND IMPROVED LOOK, MY "TWIN'S" MEMORIES.



YOU'RE NOT MAD AT ME.



ARE YOU KIDDING? LAST NIGHT WAS ONE OF THE BEST NIGHTS OF MY LIFE. AND I DON'T WANT IT TO BE THE LAST.

YOU MEAN YOU'RE *OKAY* WITH THIS?

WELL, YEAH. I MEAN, FOR AS LONG AS I AM WITH ANY OTHER... QUIRK. BUT I WAS THINKING. YOU AND YOUR MOM ARE A GOOD TEAM.



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU WANT A THREESOME WITH MY--

NO, NO. THAT WOULD BE SICK. BUT, YOU KNOW, VARIETY IS THE SPICE OF LIFE. YOU COULD COME HOME AS SOMEONE NEW EVERY NIGHT. HOW COULD A RELATIONSHIP LIKE THAT EVER GO STALE?



NEXT TIME, I'M KEEPING THE FACE, AND LOSING THE MEMORIES.

